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conventional. One cannot help thinking that it may be only a higher kind of selfishness to want to feel "free" or "saved" or wholly at peace in a wicked world. It is a commonplace that the sincere fanatic may be more dangerous than the knave, and it remains true, as Socrates said, that the wisest man is he who knows that he knows nothing.

But it is not only the herd-spirit that M. Rolland dislikes. A grave danger, he thinks, lurks in our worship of abstract ideas. "Humanity does not dare to massacre itself from interested motives. It is not proud of its interests, but it does pride itself upon its ideas, which are a thousand times more deadly. Man sees his own superiority in his ideas, and will fight for them; but herein I perceive his folly, for this warlike idealism is a disease peculiar to him, and its effects are similar to those of alcoholism; they add enormously to wickedness and criminality. This sort of intoxication deteriorates the brain, filling it with hallucinations, to which the living are sacrificed."

Very true, if we mean by *justice*, for example, something absolute—"Justice" with a capital letter. It is true that the question, What is just? does not always answer itself; that the pursuit of the absolute ideal of justice may result in a kind of fanaticism—an unwillingness to compromise, even in the smallest particular, which is sometimes as deadly as hypocrisy. But does this show that *relative* justice is not to be maintained? Does it show, for example, that France ought to have submitted to German aggression?

It seems scarcely credible that M. Rolland's eloquent and searching study of the human heart in war-time is intended as an attack upon so vulnerable an idol as Militarism or Jingoism. If it has any larger significance, it is as a defence of pacifism. In this view, one cannot acquit M. Rolland of over-emphasizing half truths. This does not alter the fact that, as a novelist, he has depicted an individual soul struggle with a sympathy and with a ruthless penetration that hardly another modern writer could match. Who but Romain Rolland could have brought to light so gently yet so unsparingly the pitiable truth about those who, having given son or husband or brother to their country, cannot bear to have the idol of Country scratched, lest the sacrifice of their loved ones should seem to have been in vain? On the whole there is more real heart-stuff if not more mind-stuff in M. Rolland's book than in *Mr. Briling Sees it Through*.

MEN AND MANNER IN PARLIAMENT. By Sir Henry Lucy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

It is a noteworthy and pleasing circumstance, of which both author and publisher naturally make much, that Sir Henry Lucy's comments on men in Parliament, originally published nearly half a century ago, gave Woodrow Wilson, then a student in Princeton University, his "first serious stimulus to political thought and investigation." This statement may, however, prove a trifle misleading so far as the generality of readers are concerned. One can

conceive that a mind predestined for politics might absorb with avidity Sir Henry's Parliamentary personalities, finding in their very atmosphere a subtle stimulus. But when we are told that Sir Henry's resurrected book influenced Woodrow Wilson, we naturally think of Wilson the historian, Wilson the President, Wilson the defender of the League of Nations. Such a man, one supposes, would have been most affected by profound discussions of political philosophy; and the point is that this is just what Sir Henry's book is not. The title is accurately descriptive. It is not a discussion of principles, measures, or methods, but purely of men and manners.

Really, the book is not even, as one might suppose from a superficial description, a series of character studies. It is both less and more than this. Its unusual value lies in this: that it is in its final effect a portrait of Parliament rather than of men in Parliament. Its interest lies in the true Parliamentary and political flavor of the scenes and persons it portrays: the zest of the game is in it, and it is written by a connoisseur of things Parliamentary.

Those parts of the book which deal with Gladstone and Disraeli are in a broader sense critical and, if you please, instructive. But it is not here that the real charm lies. Does one weary of the rather slap-dash satirical style in which so many of these sketches are written? Not at all, for it is refreshing and doubtless it is good for the soul to get rid of the idea that political acts are, to quote Colonel Higginson, performed by a number of "dignified machines." Is one disappointed because a good deal of space is given to the analysis of men who in process of time have come to seem, relatively speaking, nobodies? By no means; for political types endure, and it is both gratifying and profitable to know that a man may be quite an egregious ass and a queer stick in several respects and yet at the same time be a respectable character and a useful member of society, as usefulness goes in this world of ours.

But as a result of these frank and unconventional sketches is not one unpleasantly disillusioned about the real character of Parliament and similar deliberative assemblies? It is true that Parliament, as Sir Henry describes it, appears to be made up largely of men seeking to make an impression, of men having an exaggerated self-esteem, of men possessed by fixed ideas. It is also true that the leading characteristic of Parliament as a whole would seem to be its extreme sensitiveness to boredom. But, no; one is not unpleasantly disillusioned. Sir Henry's observations are shrewd and apparently just—true at any rate to human nature. The real Parliament, as he shows it, is ever so much more stimulating a place than any ideal or Utopian assembly. It is a place in which men are tested, find themselves, appear finally in their true colors. It thus has the same sort of interest for us that life has. It is a place where personality counts, and by personality one means the whole man, his physique, his manners, his brains, and his morals. From the standpoint of historical study or literary pleasure it may be difficult to discover a pretext for finding Sir Henry's volume delightful and instructive, but delightful and instructive, too, it will undoubtedly prove to many readers.